parade

YOUR OWN ZETA'S HOT WELCOME TO PARADE 57...

How do you like my posh new look to celebrate *Parade* 57, Paraders - with even more varieties in it than ever before?

'I've gathered together celebrity chums like 'Starbird' Sonya and up-and-coming Jackie Miller, as well as Middlesex's loveliest legs belonging to leather mini-ed Donna, who's yours just by turning the page opposite.

'But before you do that, relish *my* elegant new togs (I bet *you* prefer the bits underneath!) which were a gift from my chums on *Sunday Sport*, for presenting the prizes at their recent topless talent contest, where gorgeous new topless glamour girls got big prizes for turning on this saucy new Sunday newspaper's fans - most of whom grab *Parade* too, knowing great value in newspapers *and* magazines!

►

Your Very Own Vivacious Parade Hostess Gets Up To More Kinky Capers...

ZETA'S PARADE DIARY

Your Zeta Takes On The Timeshare Bandits!

ETA'S PARADE
DIARY

'I've always been fussy about what's slipped down my throat'

Your Own Parade Editor Writes: ***You know there's nothing I like more than getting to know Paraders themselves – I've travelled far and wide, the length and breadth of the land, bringing the good news about 95p*** **Parade** ***to Leeds, Glasgow, Edinburgh, Portsmouth, Bristol, to name but a few places wide apart, where I've ended up with my legs wide apart!***

But this time round, Paraders, diverting from my nationwide sexcursions to tell you about a little orgy I got involved in, a week or three ago.

It was all to do with this Holiday Flat Timeshare business – you must have seen all the ads and read about it.

And, as usual, my goodies ended up being shared round both the hard salesmen and their clients...

Still, at least it gave me an opportunity to sport my new Spanish outfit here. You Paraders have had a sneek preview of my kinky Carmen-type togs, and you **pleaded** ***for more...so find out now what an impression they made at the kinky little Spanish carnival – no, gangbang! – at my country gaff...***

It seems my column in Parade reaches the higher echelons of society, as well as you plebs! (sorry, no offence intended)

I got a call at the office a couple of weeks back, from a chap in the condominiums business. Yes, that's right, condominiums. No, not the stretchy rubber things you see people fooling around with every time you switch on the telly nowadays.

I'm referring (of course) to the concrete holiday and retirement apartments which are currently sprouting in great clusters all along the Costa Del Sol like a plague of fungi.

"As your *Parade* column has become so Spanish-orientated" he said, in his spivvy-Sloaney estate agent's patois, "I thought you and I might join forces and exploit the situation to our mutual advantage."

I thought for one minute he was advocating a con, a fleece-the-wallies evening *chez Zeta* with free booze and a timeshare contract at every table. But the references he gave were as impeccable as the properties he assured me were his to market.

"I'll underwrite the cost of the whole soiree," he continued. "All you have to do is play hostess. I'll give you 2.5% commission on every sale. How about it?"

Still suspicious, I called my manager, who called back two minutes later. It seemed all was in order.

"He's as clean as a whistle, my love," Benjamin said reassuringly. "One of the biggest developers in Puerto Banus. I'd go for it, darling, if I were you."

So, go for it I did. My country house at Marlow was transformed in the space of a day from a would-be country-squiress's crash-pad to Zeta's *Casa Espanol* by a firm of knightsbridge interior decorators that had the unique distinction of being staffed entirely by poufs.

I thought the Spanish flag over the front door was a bit over the top, but otherwise they did a brilliant job with their drapes, frills and flounces.

Later in the day the caterers arrived with buckets of ready-mix paella and crates of filthy Spanish hooch. Personally I'd rather drink Lucozade and vodka than Spanish champagne, but then I've always been fussy about what's slipped down my throat...

St John (pronounced *Snjn*, bloody silly name), the brains behind the whole dubious shenanigan, arrived at 4 o'clock.

He was the sort of chap who spent more on his suits than most of us spend on our family runabouts, a pseudo-Old Etonian with slicked back Heseltine-ish hair and a maddeningly arrogant air. I fancied him enormously.

"You look every inch as lovely as in the magazines!" he smarmed, taking my hand and kissing it. "Charming, quite charming. Anyway, just thought I'd pop along and make sure everything's tickity-boo."

"Oh, it's very tickity indeed," I assured him. "Let me show you around. The decorators have only just left. They've done a smashing job, don't you think?"

"Mah-valous. Simply mah-valous," he repeated over and over. "Mind if I have a look upstairs? After you, young lady."

Now, that raised my first real suspicions. Any real gentleman would know damn well that a man always leads the lady up the stairs.

And as I was wearing my tight red leather mini, I would inevitably

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'It was an absolute beauty – all ten inches of it'

'I was wearing my tight red leather mini'

Continued from page 25

ZETA'S PARADE DIARY

be treating him to a naughty view of my posterior by leading the way. I walked up the stairs, wiggling my bottom with studied provocation.

"This is my room," I said, turning left at the landing and opening the door. "It's got a lovely view of the Thames. Come and have a look."

Doing a quick eyes-right to make sure none of the caterers had wandered out of bounds, I closed the door behind us.

"Come here," I said, tossing my hair over my shoulder and holding out my hands. "If we're going to work together, you and me, we'd better get to know each other."

St John needed no further coaxing. He took me in his arms and kissed me passionately, but he was so tall, his unfurling prick, far from grinding into my crotch, nudged me just above my navel!

He was a foot taller than me, and, like many tall men, the size of his cock was in direct accordance with the rapidly-swelling bulge in the crotch of his worsted suit.

"I want to blow you," I said, unbuttoning his fly.

"That'd be heavenly," he purred, standing there with his hands on his slim hips as I got down on my knees and lifted out his enormous cock.

It was an absolute beauty - all ten inches of it. It was chalk white, with not the slightest hint of a vein.

He was uncircumcised, and as I gently rolled back his foreskin, a clear drop of fluid appeared at the tip of his ureter. Teasingly, I applied the tip of my tongue to the tip of his glistening purple knob. I wanted to suck it desperately, but at the same time I wanted to tease.

"Suck it, I beg of you," he pleaded, almost pitifully. "Don't tickle me like that, I can't stand it!"

Taking hold of his mighty balls, I yanked them downwards, with the effect that every last, tiny fold of surplus skin was drawn tight back over his now totally-denuded knob.

The little pearl of fluid turned into a dribble, and I continued drumming my fingernails on the delicate glans.

Again, St John protested vociferously. He was frantic to be milked-off, and all I was doing to relieve him of his tortuous load was to play wicked games! I paused from my labours awhile and opened my blouse. The sight of my stiff-nippled tits would surely make him hornier still.

But I couldn't go on tormenting him like this forever; it simply wasn't fair. So gripping his shaft and squeezing so tight my knuckles whitened, I started to wank him, and he groaned in pleasure.

I looked up as I increased my pace, and he was glassy-eyed, just like he was stoned. Taking his knob in my mouth, I started jerking him off fast and furious, my hand just a blurred flurry of action.

"Be careful," he warned, as his bollocks quickly tightened.

"Don't worry," I reassured him. "I'm not afraid of - "

And suddenly the cum started spurting, with such incredible velocity it was as though I'd severed an artery of the stuff.

It streaked my face and shot in great wads into my hair, and still it came, like liquid streaks of lightning. If only to stem its flow (and save my precious Axminster carpet!) I put his prick back in my mouth, but still the spunk cascaded incessantly between my lips, in such volume that it filled my mouth and started dribbling from its corners.

"My Gawd!" I exclaimed, licking my lips as his emission finally abated. "Your balls must have reserve tanks!"

"I know," he said, taking a handful of my hair and wiping his slippery, lead-heavy dick on my face. "I've always been like it. My wife likes me to wank over her, in front of her girlfriends at parties. I'm quite the star of attraction."

"Huh!" I retorted. "If you behaved like that at my parties, you'd be shown the door," I said, hating his arrogance. "Now be a good boy and get me some tissues, will you?"

While St John sat on the bed and watched, I changed out of my spunk-splattered clothes and slipped into my flared Spanish bolero-type skirt (ruched black and red silk and chiffon, very sexy!), worn with black stockings and red pumps with sexy little bows.

The red bow theme I repeated with my hairdo, held aloft in true Spanish style by a red velvet ribbon.

"All that's missing is the casta-fucking-nets," said St John stupidly. "Would you like me to suck you before we go back downstairs? I think you'll find I'm rather good..."

"No! We haven't got time" I said, irritatedly. "Anyway, this is your brainchild, this party, not mine. Don't you think you'd better go to work? It's almost 7 o'clock."

"Oh crikey!" gasped St John,

'I couldn't go on tormenting him like this forever'

ZETA'S PARADE DIARY

snapping out of his sexual coma. "The punters are due in 20 minutes."

Now, that aroused my suspicions a second time. Estate agents with Park Lane headquaters, new 7-Series BMW's and brats at obscure public schools *rarely* refer to their clients as punters. Not in public, anyhow. What was St John's game? And where were the "punters" recruited from?

Sure enough, twenty minutes later the doorbell rang. I answered the door, but instead of wide-eyed suburban wrinklies, a couple of girls - *well* on the brassy side of copper - stood there.

"Er, won't you come in?" I asked, suspiciously.

One of them, a tall, rather striking half-caste, was strangely familiar. You could have smelled her perfume the other side of the river.

"Dahlings, so glad you could both make it!" said St John, kissing them on the cheek and taking their tarty silver fox jackets.

"So where's the mugs?" asked one unattractively.

"All in good time, darlings, all in good time," said St John. "First, let's all have ourselves a drinkie-poo. A good, stiff G'n'T, eh? None of that Spanish shit!"

If the plot had been thickening prior to their arrival, all of a sudden it was as thin as water. The girl. I suddenly remember I'd seen her hostessing in a pub off Oxford Street, a pick-up dive known thereabouts as *Chez Sleaze*.

"St John, darling" I said, taking his arm. "A word in your shell-like, if you please. Excuse us, Ladies..."

I led Precious into my study and slammed the door behind us.

"You bastard," I snapped. "You're using my house to pull a stroke, aren't you!"

"I don't know what on earth you mean," he said snottily.

"Oh yes you do, you sly fucker," I said. "You're pulling a timeshare scam, aren't you? A couple of naughty girls, lots of champagne, down come the trousers and out come the cheque books and the moody contracts. You must think I was born yesterday!"

But just as I was getting into my stride, the doorbell rang again.

"There's a Mr Johnson, a Mr Reed, a Mr Budomir and a rather portly gentleman called Edwards to see you, Miss Zeta," said the penguin hired for the occasion. "Shall I show them in, Ma'm?"

"No way," I snapped, but by the time I'd returned to the hall, six men were in the reception room, and more stood in the porch.

Cars were scrunching to a halt on the gravel drive, and doors slamming. Some moron put Viva Espana on the sound system, and a glass smashed on the floor. Oh shit, what had I let myself in for? I grabbed St John again...

"Listen," I hissed in his ear. "I fancy you something rotten, right? But if even one - I repeat, *one* - of your dodgy properties is sold from this house, I'll grass. A party, fine, but no business. *Comprendez?*"

"You absolute bitch," smirked St John. "Ok, it's a deal. Two grand's worth of ground work, all for nothing. But if you think you're going to escape getting your brains fucked out, you've got another think coming. Am *I* going to give it to you later on!"

Credit where credit's due, St John's paid whores handled the situation magnificently. I counted 17 men in total, and one by one they were led upstairs for their freebie handjobs.

As the evening progressed (or should I say degenerated), Shani, the big half-caste, flopped in an armchair and draped her long legs over the arms.

"Come on, then!" she said, upping her skirt and holding her red silk knickers aside. "Who wants it?"

I couldn't believe it was happening in my ultra-respectable house! A succession of flabby-arsed businessmen jostled amongst each other to get between her stockinged thighs and poke her, slobbering revoltingly over her bared tits, while Shani nonchalantly sipped champagne and pulled on a cigarette. What a shameless brass!

St John leaned against the door-jamb, eyeing the sordid goings-on almost absent mindedly, no doubt smarting over his lost money.

But I didn't feel in any way sorry for him. I had no doubt he'd already made countless thousands from working similar scams elsewhere, and a £2,000 loss was in all probability no more than a drop in the ocean for him.

"Well then," I said, sidling up to St John just as a balding gent got down on his hands and knees in front of Shani, burying his fat face between her athletic thighs. "Don't you fancy a go, big boy? You've paid for her services, so why not give her a knobbing? You never know, it might just put me in the mood for a bit of sauciness later on. Go on, give her a try! But don't go wasting that lovely cum, you hear?"

"In front of all these old tossers? I'd give 'em all a galloping inferiority complex," he boasted unconvincingly. And then, having second thoughts. "I mean, would it *really* turn you on?"

"Of course, it would!" I said, revelling in my new-found power. "I'd give anything to see how you perform."

When St John stepped out of his trousers and walked across the room in his shirt tails to where the young scrubber was sitting, I felt my pulse quicken with excitement.

But the way she smiled fondly at him as he knelt between her thighs, told me that they were anything but strangers. Lovers? Partners in crime, more like! ►

'My long lout knelt between her wet thighs'

What better way to kick off Parade 57, with more varieties of crumpet than ever before, than with long legged Middlesex lovely, Donna, who knows just what pleases Paraders most? Besides she also gets hot tips from her favourite fortnightly as you can see.

That's why this leggy leather-clad lovely turned up at Parade's sumptuous HQ in that unsubtle gear including Paraders' perennial favourite, black stockings, and went into action straight away setting the mood for the rest of this raunchier-than-ever *Parade.*

Yes, Donna knows darned well we're not into airs and graces - and that goes too for our sidekick monthly *Adult Fantasy*, which is Donna's next destination. *Adult Fantasy's* designed to look after the fancies and foibles of its fantasy-loving readers and you can be sure that plenty of 'em dream of gorgeous go-ers like Donna, doing a leather mini and strip for 'em, personally. So if Hayes' megasexy 21 year old Donna is where *you're* at, get a taste of this fantasy-come-true in Adult Fantasy's pages, by handing the tear-off slip nearby to your newsagent, as soon as you've stopped shaking.

parade

Paradise

YES, DONNA'S GOT ME IN THE MOOD FOR MORE OF THE SAME, MR NEWSAGENT

So please reserve *Adult Fantasy* Magazine for me (only £1.30 for more dreams-come-true than you ever dreamed of) from the next issue onwards. I expect to see sensational Donna in *Adult Fantasy* soon. I am 19 yers or over.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

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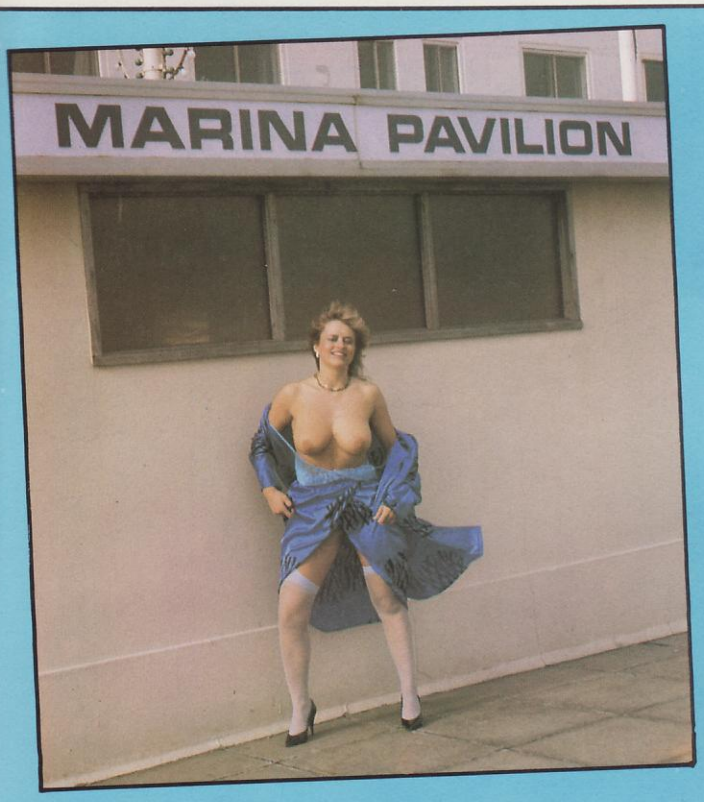
DATE .....

STAND BY, HASTINGS (& UPPER DICKER TOO!) BECAUSE PAULA'S ONLY PARADE'S PATHFINDER!

Here's just a taste of what's heading your way this Summer, Paraders in Hastings (and environs, including Upper Dicker)...yes, 38 inch busted game-for-anything Paula is just a amply jugged pathfinder for our heavy squad – our team of turn-ons who, like last year, will be travelling to Britain's seaside resorts, spreading the good news about today's budget-priced 95p bonanza. We're talking about *Parade*, of course!



She was sent to search out any minefields, look for booby traps that might hold up and hold back our Road Show comprising top Paradames, eager to meet Parade fans while you hopefully relax under the relentless British sun.

As you can see, 20 year old Paula did a full round of the local sights and scenes, and soon became one herself, as she bared her 38-25-38 bits and pieces in the Spring sunshine. ►

SIZZLE
IN SUSSEX
WITH OUR
ROVING LOVELIES!

So, stand by South Coasters because, like we said, Paula's only a vanguard for vivacious teams of Paradames heading down your way.
And make sure you have a copy of *Parade* if you find yourself in *any* of Britain's holiday resorts because guys who wave their Parades will get all sorts of free goodies from our girls who love handing it out...

And, of course, the *best* way to make sure you're never missing out on *Parade* and its goodies, is to become one of our priority postal subscribers. This you can do simply by posting the special moneysaving coupon at the climax of Paula's parade on the prom, prom, prom...

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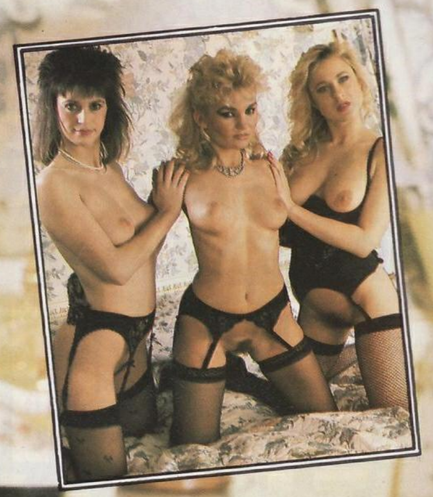
YOUR LISTENING MAGAZINE LOOKS AFTER MARTIN - HELPED BY SARAH & HER CHUMS!



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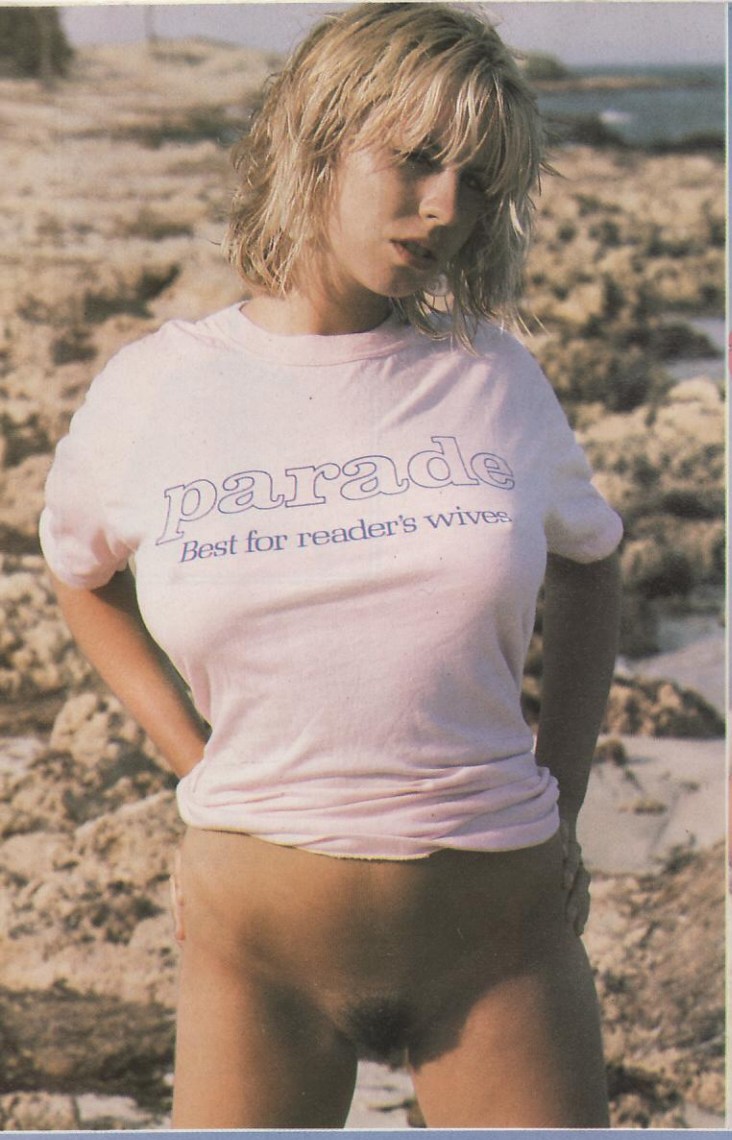
BUY ANY 2 OF THESE MAGAZINES (ANY EDITIONS) FROM YOUR LOCAL NEWSAGENT... AND WE'LL GIVE YOU A SENSATIONAL
£17+ PACK OF XXX RATED MAGS
FREE!
parade extra

& HERE'S WHAT YOUR NEWSPAPER PROMISED YOU WHEN THEY SHOWCASED STEAMY SONYA!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Best for reader's wives.

Parade knows that Sonya made a big impression on 'Star' readers when she was their Starbird. And many a reader of this top national daily pleaded with *Parade* to get hold of the snaps of Sonya in exotic locations that the 'Star' had mentioned alongside this sizzling 19 year old's black-and-white pic...

And, once again, Parade *delivers* the goodies, full length, full colour with scorching Sonya under the tropical sun, airing the whole of her body and its 19 year old, 35-24-35 assets.

We're not sure whether the sunshade is to keep the heat off this *Parade Crowd Puller*, or to stop the heat rising from our Parade teeshirt-loving tease.

PARADE'S
CROWD-PULLER
Sonya

So, whatever the weather's like outside, relish this steam-heat meeting with our thermometer-bursting bombshell, and note she's also a star of picture-packed *Parade's Summer Special*, hitting your news-agent's magazine shelves any week now!
parade

PARADE CROWD PULLER

SOIYA

pande

JAKE: A GIRL OF MANY PARTS!

Look at Jackie Miller's modelcard and you'll see she's a girl of many talents - 'Shows', 'Beauty' and 'Lingerie' among 'em!
And Parade's concentrated on those three greatest

Simply hand the tear-off coupon in Jackie's parade for Parade to your local newsagent if you want a second helping from this beauty of many (and all of them delectable) parts...

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Parade

LET ME STROLL THROUGH PARK LANE, MR NEWSAGENT

To Meet More Top Flight Flashers Like Jake Miller

I am 18 years or over. I enclose £1.30 for the next issue of Park Lane. Park Lane Magazine is published monthly.

NAME .....

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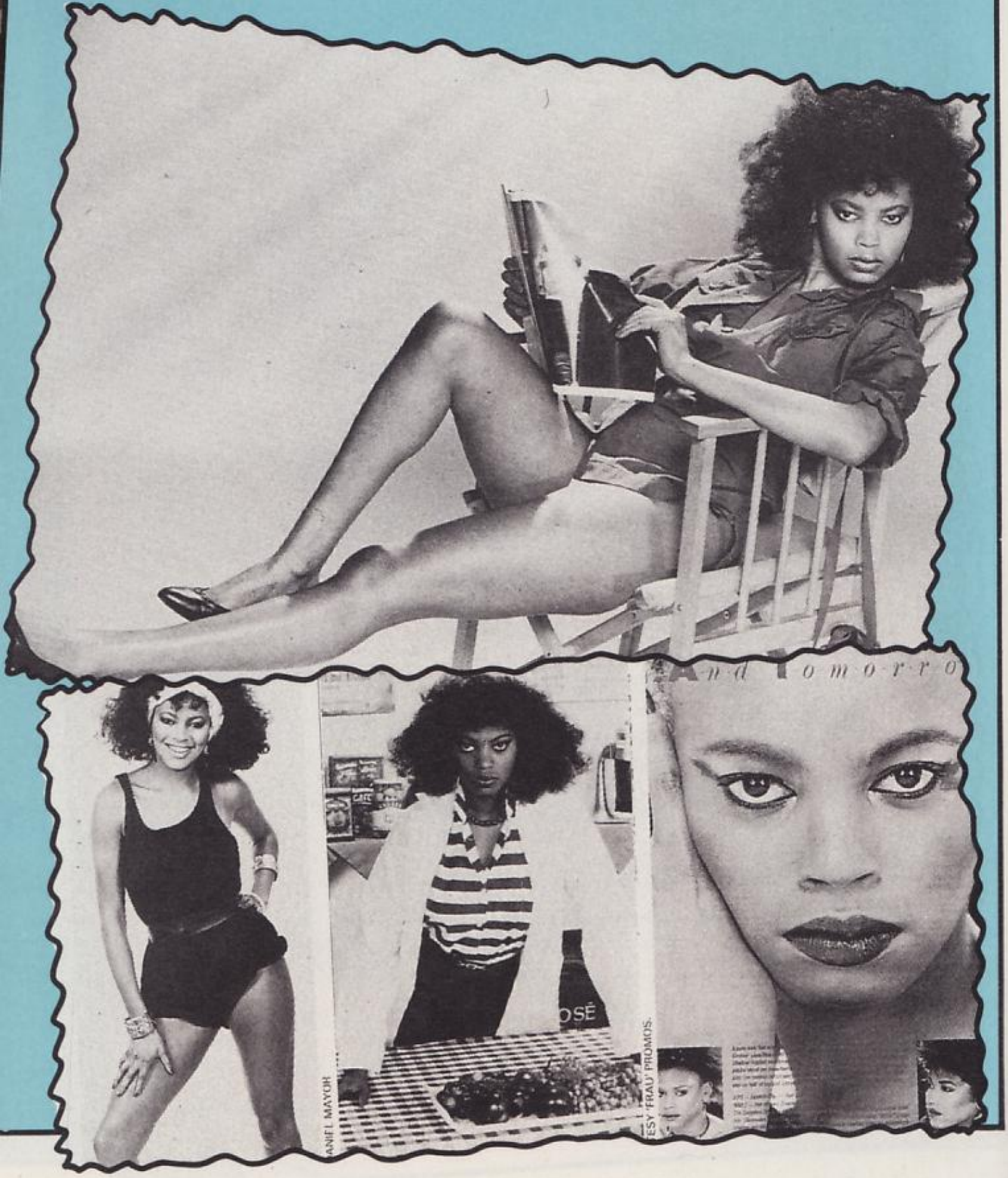
DATE .....

Hand The Slip To Your Newsagent If You Don't Want Black Looks From Jake, Parade's!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OSÉ
COURTESY 'FRAU' PROMOS.

NOW WITH OUR £250 LUCKY RAW RECRUITS BONUS TOO!

PARADE'S RAW RECRUITS

Paraders' Own Wives & Girlfriends Reveal Their Talents For The First Time!

Here they come again, Paraders...brand new bare-all talent of all shapes, sizes and ages to delight every Parade fan who really digs eager amateurs and first-time flashers!

And don't forget, Parade pays well over the odds for naughty newcomers who get into 'Raw Recruit' pages (far more than our stingy old rivals who run readers' wives slots), as well as awarding a £250 bonus to lucky Raw Recruits who really deserve it, *in addition to* Parade's normal fees!

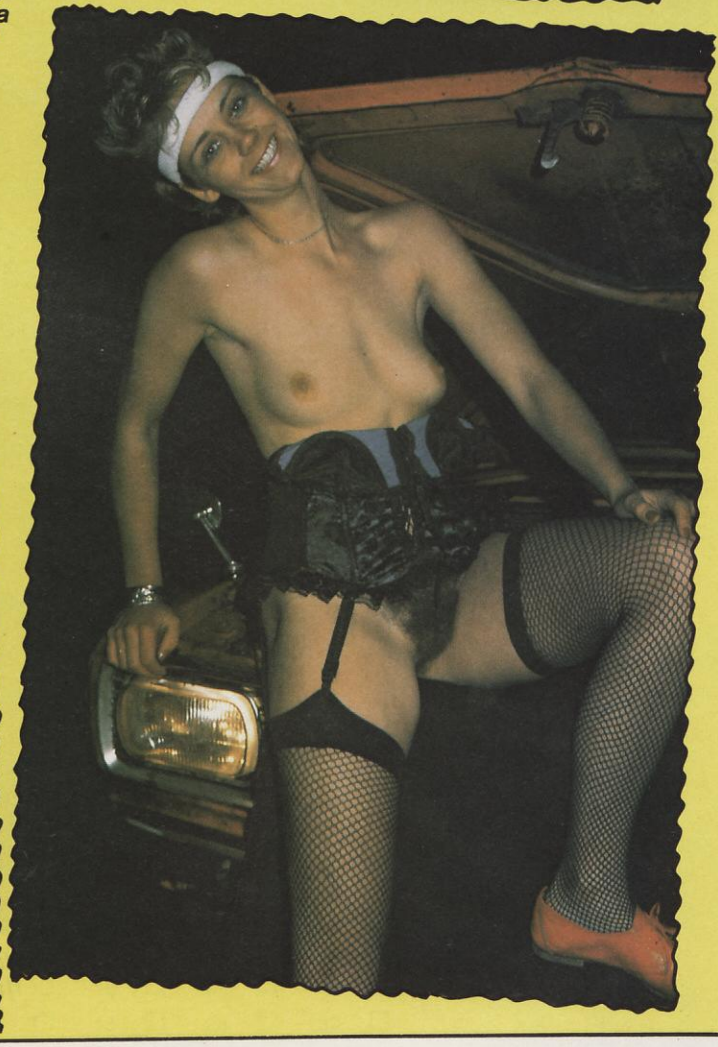
What's more, if you get camerashake when the love and lust in your life strips off, you can always exploit Parade's open invitation to let our professional lensmen do all the hard work at our lavish London studios, with your lady coming to the Capital, all expenses paid of course.

Here's the address for your Raw Recruits, Paraders (and don't forget we can make nearly anything work – trannies, polaroids, prints, whatever you can deliver):
RAW RECRUITS/PARADE/50 EAGLE WHARF ROAD/LONDON N.1.

Vanessa from Hove will only do it after dark, that is, flash her furry bits for her fella's probing lens. And ►

PARADE'S RAW RECRUITS

clearly be's been inspired by Parade's cheeky Motorway Misses to picture lanky but lovely Vanessa showing all the moving parts – of her motor, that is!



Come off it, Denise! Having failed to topple our ace titillator Debbee Ashby from her perch as Parade's very own bra-burster, now you put on a titfer (most apt) and try to kid 'Raw Recruits' you're brand new on the flashing scene. Tut-tut. Or should we say, tit-tit?

►

PARADE'S RAW RECRUITS

What on earth Julie is doing here with that luscious 36-24-37 figure in Raw Recruits, Parade can't imagine! We do know she exploited Parade's come-to-London-all-expenses-paid offer for first-time flashers, and this is Parade's own lensman's efforts. ►

Anyway, those 44 inchers look as chewable as ever and we love your playroom's decor – who's your interior designer, Cynthia Payne?

PARADE'S RAW RECRUITS

By the way, Julie from Nottingham says she's just as happy to do the butcher's shop stuff for those 'unmentionable' men's mags, so maybe you'll see even more of her oh-so-inviting in's-and-out's in Parade's unsavoury rivals soon!

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MORE MOTORWAY MADNESS WITH TOP PARADAMES IN DISTRESS!

All Delia Was Looking For Was A Hard Shoulder To Cry On...

MORE MOTORWAY MADNESS FROM EATY PARADE ON THE MOVE!

Remember our randy roadside encounter last time round, when a top Paradame with a dodgy motor proved she could get roadside assistance quicker than any motorists' organisation could deliver it?
You loved it and asked for more, more motorway madness – as well as pleading for the travel plans of Paradames like Delia here, so you could be ready to pull in and do the necessary at the drop of a girl's knickers!
Well, we're not letting on *where* Delia here set out to get even quicker roadside assistance than her bosum chum in your *last* Parade.

But we do promise that many a Parade-loving driver steaming along British, Spanish or French roads could find themselves enjoying a bonus on the hardshoulder this year, what with Paradames crying out for attention to their overheated moving parts. So keep your eyes skinned for more like delectable Delia (yes, she did break her friend's record as many a driver screeched to a halt, waving his tools). And if you'd like more raunchy roadside encounters, make sure of your *Parade* right now, because this sizzling series doesn't end with this gorgeous gutter-snipe.

parade

Parade
DELIA'S DONE IT FOR ME, MR NEWSAGENT
So please make sure you reserve Parade 55 for me. I am 18 years or over. Please deliver it with my newspaper/I shall collect (delete as applicable).
NAME
ADDRESS
DATE
Hand This Coupon To Your Newsagent & Avoid Injury In The Rush For Every New 95p Parade!